silenced, may he not succeed in getting beyond the reach of its voice ? Or he may allow other feelings to hurry him along till the sound no longer falls upon his ear. Such feelings will rise up spontaneously in the mind, under the irritation produced by the condemning sentence of the judge; and if these feelings of rage and disappointment can but allow the mind to escape the conscience, they will be willingly followed. Not that they are felt to be pleasant, but they are at least of a more moving and hurrying character than those which oppress the spirit, as the conscience utters its judgments, and admits of no appeal. If they do not give relief, they at least furnish a change of misery, as the man racked with pain on all sides will again and again change his posture, were it only to vary his distress. Tied, like Mazeppa, on a courser over which he has no control, he would feel a kind of ecstasy in the very wildness of its careering. Not only so, but acquiring courage from despair, he may proceed the length of making war with the judge. Since he cannot flee from him, he will perhaps affect to contemn him, or impugn the authority of his law.

> "Souls who dare look the omnipotent tyrant in
> His everlasting face, and tell him that
> His evil is not good."—BORON'S CAIN.

But this is by no means so easy a work, for meanwhile God has a witness in every man's bosom. There must be some way of deluding this witness before so bold a step can be taken. The spirit will now try to make the conscience condemn the judge, as being harsh and relentless. Strange and paradoxical as it may appear, it will, to some extent, be successful. It will picture to the conscience the condemnation pronounced, as a dark deed of tyranny and revenge committed by God; and believing, or trying to believe, that God is malignant, it will view Him with the feelings which malignity should inspire. And now the soul will not only be angry with God, but feel as if it did right to be

angry, and the war which it carries on will not only be that of the passions, but of an evil conscience. The feelings roused will be a strange mixture of heat and cold. The whole soul will, as it were, be travelling constantly from " beds of raging fire to starve in ice;" and there will be found in it such extremes as Sir James Ross saw in those lofty mountains near the south pole, where molten lava, with a glaring light, constantly poured itself